Master *Launcelet*.

Gob. Your worships friend, and *Lancelet* sir.

Lan. But I pray you *ergo* olde man, *ergo* I beseech you, talke you of yong M. *Lancelet*.

Gob. Of *Lancelet* an't please your mastership.

Lan. *Ergo* master *Lancelet*, talke not of maister *Lancelet* Father; for the yong Gentleman according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such braunches of learning, is indeed deceased, or as you would say in plain terms, gone to heauen.

Gob. Marry God forbid, the boy was the verie staffe of my age, my very prop.

Lance. Do I looke like a cudgell or a houell poste, a staffe, or a prop: do you know me Father.

Gob. Alacke the day, I know you not yong Gentleman, but I pray you tell mee, is my boy (GOD rest his soule) aliue or dead.

Lance. Do you not know me Father?

Gob. Alacke sir, I am sand blinde, I know you not.

Lan. Nay, in deede if you had your eyes you might faile of the knowing me: it is a wise Father that knowes his own child. Well, olde man, I will tell you newes of your sonne, giue mee your blessing; Trueth will come to light, Murther cannot be hidde long, a mans sonne may, but at the length trueth will out.

Gobbo. Pray you sir stand vp, I am sure you are not *Launcelet* my boy.

Lance. Pray you let's haue no more fooling about it, but giue me your blessing; I am *Lancelot* your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot thinke you are my sonne.

Lance. I know not what I shall thinke of that, but I am *Lancelet* the Iews man, and I am sure *Margery* your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is *Margery* indeede, ile be sworne if thou bee *Lancelet*, thou art mine owne flesh and blood: Lord worshipt might

might he be, what a
haire on thy chin, the

Lan. It should se
ward. I am sure he ha
face, when I last saw

Gob. Lord how a
Master agree? I hau
now?

Lance. Well, well,
rest to runne away, so
My master's a very I
am famisht in his ser
my ribs: Father I an
to one Master *Bassan*
serue not him, I will
rare fortune, here co
if I serue the Iew an

Enter Bass.

Bass. You may d
ready at the farthest
liuered, put the Lyu
anon to my lodging

Lance. To him Fa
Gob. God blesse y
Bass. Gramercy, w
Gob. Here's my so
Lance. Not a poo
sir, as my father shal
Gob. He hath a gr
Lance. Indeed the
haue a desire as my F
Gob. His Master a
scarse catercosins.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22297) LONDON, 1600 [1619] THE BRITISH